

#1

Honeymoon In Darjeeling

Part - 1



Amar'sroshta

Darjeeling

One of the most beautiful places in Northern India.

Salim's adoption papers had finally come in, and to celebrate the occasion Preetha planned for a vacation in Darjeeling.

Mom, look...
Toy train!

They were so happy, the world was their oyster.

You, look; brrrr...
its freezing!

Mom, I told you to wrap the shawl at least. and who wears a saree in the hills? Impractical!

Shut up, my practical poppa.

And what if you catch cold?

I don't catch cold your mom is too strong.

Welcome, welcome Mrs. Mullick!

Uh, yes.. I am sorry...

It's miss, Miss Banerjee. My husband and I are separated Mr. Palit if I recckon...

No, need to be. take us to our room please...

I hope you arranged for the exact room I requested for?

Yes ma'am, the mountain facing one.

This is the exact double bed deluxe room Mr. Mullick booked for your honeymoon in 2010, I even remember the date!

This was Preetha's revenge on Ayan and his family. The same room where they spent their honeymoon. Now she will spend the next three days with Salim in that room itself.

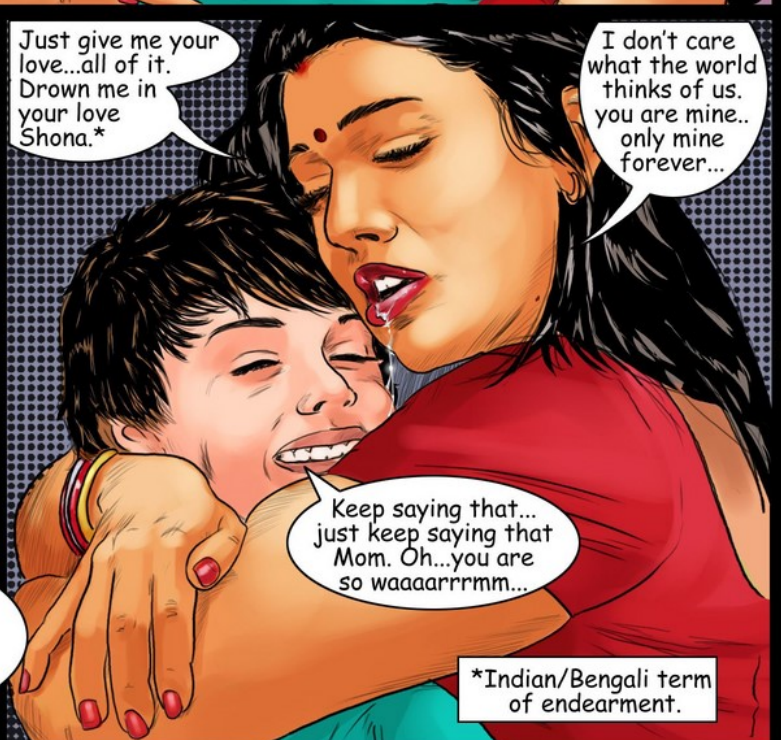
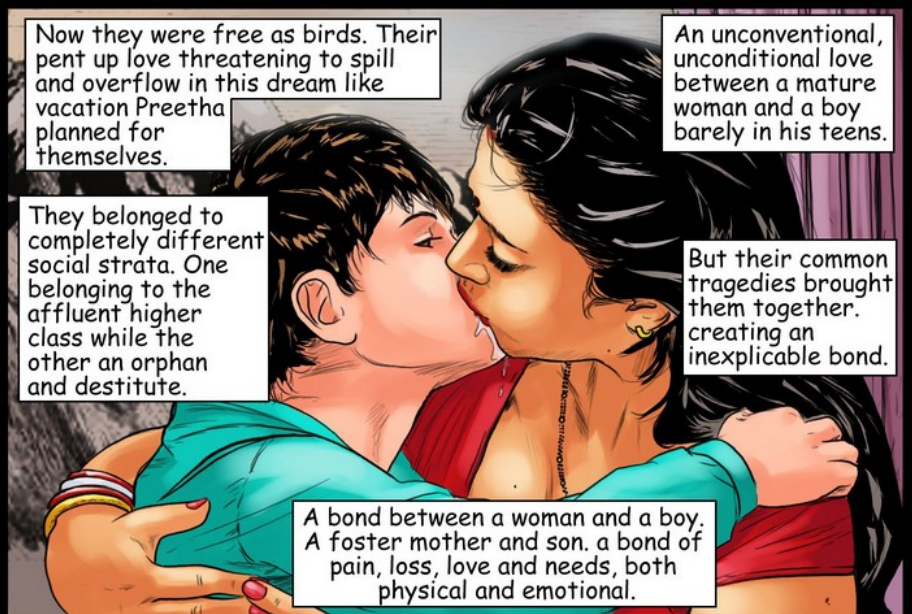
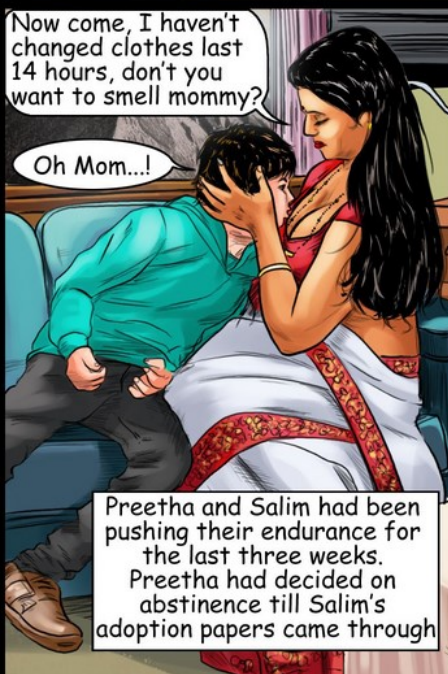
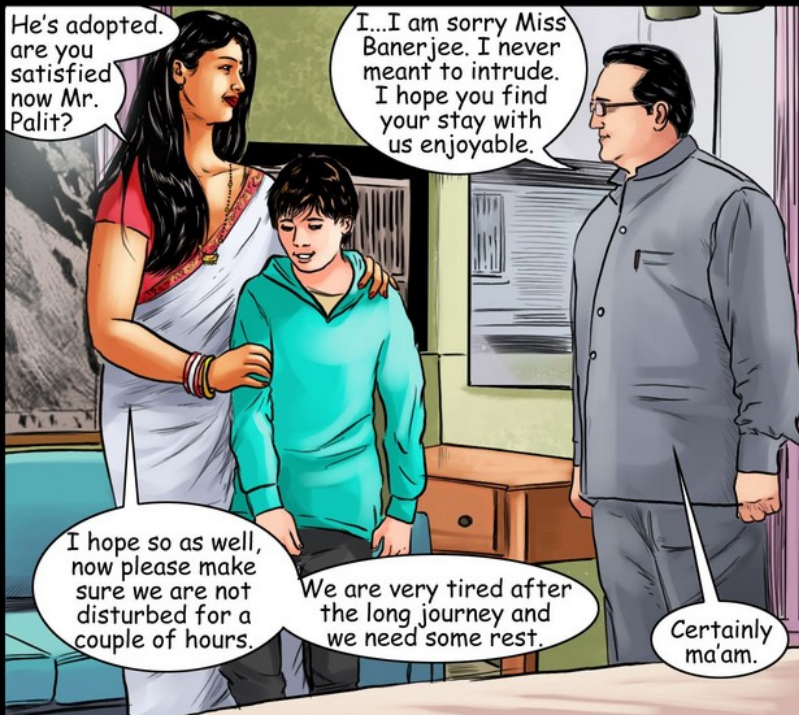
She will celebrate her second Honeymoon in the same room, on the same bed, where they made love fiercely.

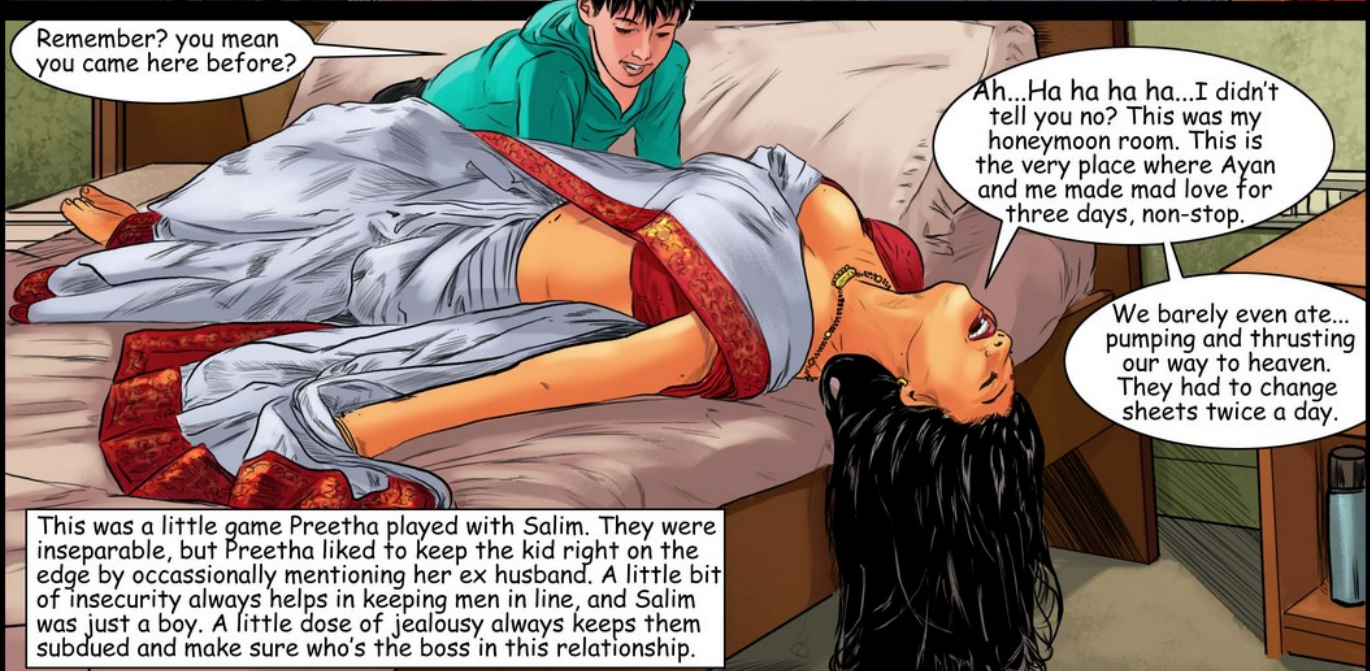
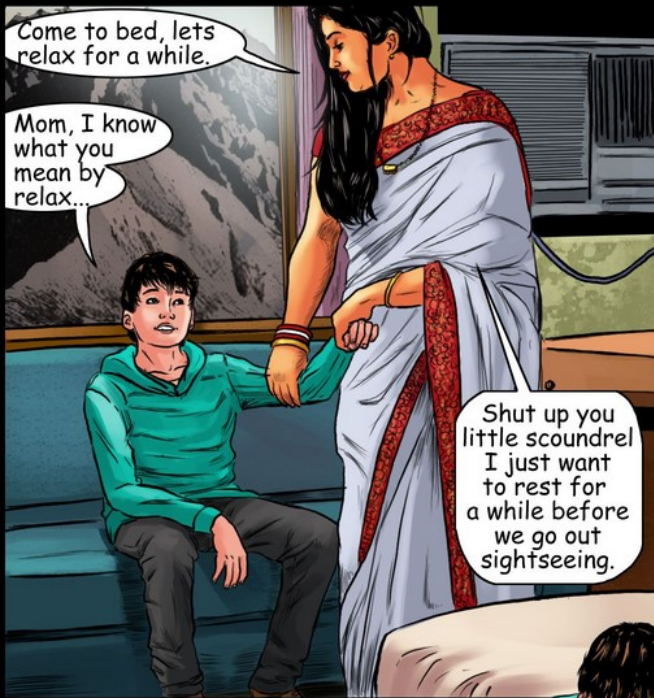
And this young master? I don't recall him I am afraid...

Aren't you overstepping your boundary as the manager of this hotel Mr. Palit? Am I here to answer your questions after travelling for more than a day?

This is Salim, my son; if it satisfies your curiosity.

I...I am sorry Mrs... uh...Miss Banerjee. I didn't mean to intrude.





Though their relationship was peculiar to the best, Preetha like a responsible mother made sure not to spoil her child.

Why didn't you wear a bra Mom? people were looking at you in the train.

People always look at me baby...

No, I don't like it. You are mine and mine only. No one should look at you. You're so beautiful!

Salim was ~~xxxxx~~, right in his puberty. Hormones were raging in his small yet healthy body. At this juncture he had access to unimaginable treasures. The full grown ripe body of a phenomenally beautiful woman in her prime. The holy grail of all male teens.

Mommy, you are smelling of milk. it has seeped in your blouse. Please... a little...

No... later.

Unchecked, it could spoil him for life.

Then kisses, lots...lots of kisses please!

In their relationship sex was not as unconditional as love. Preetha gave him sex but in a controlled manner.

It was more of a reward than right for little Salim. She didn't even let him sleep with her every night. There was strict discipline to maintain.

Salim proved to be more than happy to abide by those rules. He was picked up from the dust and placed on a pedestal and he never forgot that.

Mwah

Mwah

Mm..muahh

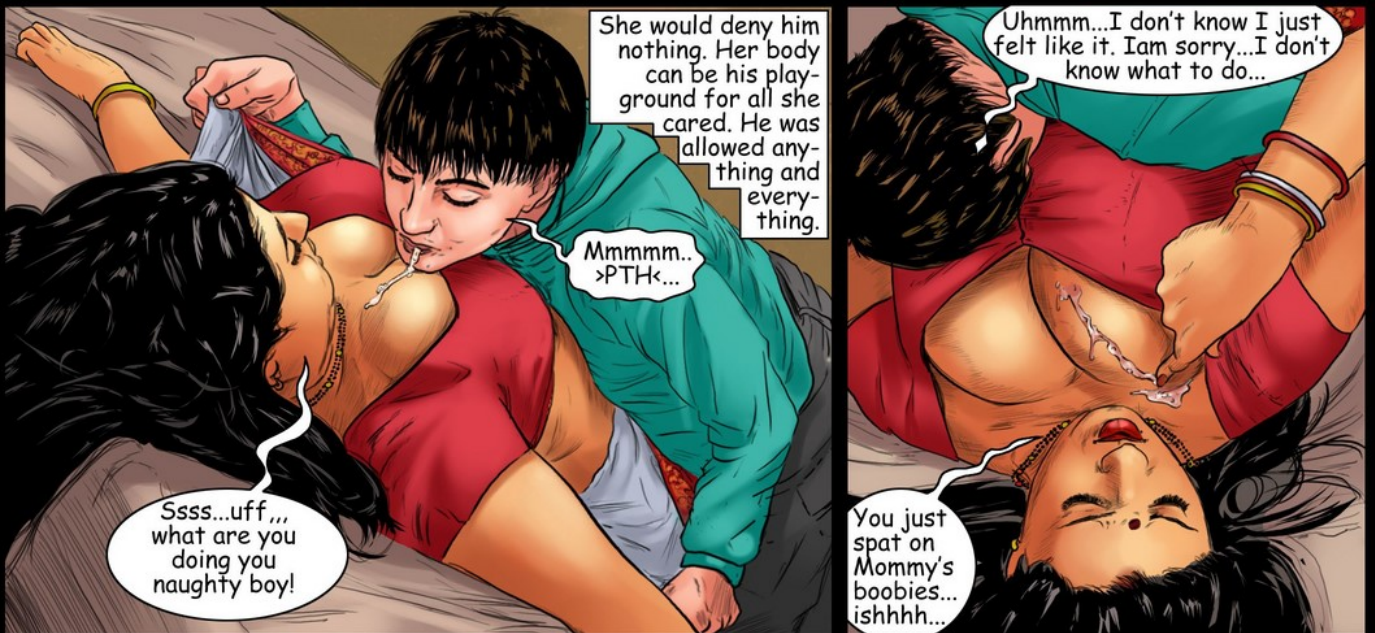
Mmmm...no taxes on kisses....

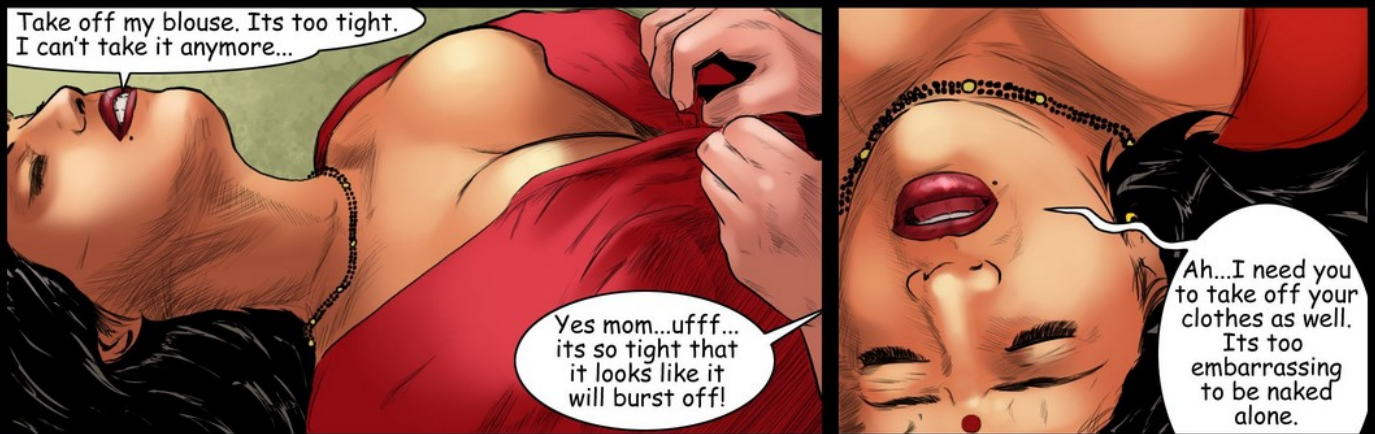
To him Preetha was not just a woman. She was his Mother, his saviour, his lover. She was his Goddess and he, her humble worshipper. He could do anything for her pleasure and happiness, his life was her. Salim's devotion to her was absolute. Every inch of her body was sacred to him and he knew sacred and valuable things are not easily achievable.

Mmmmm...warm soft belly. Why are you so soft Mommy?

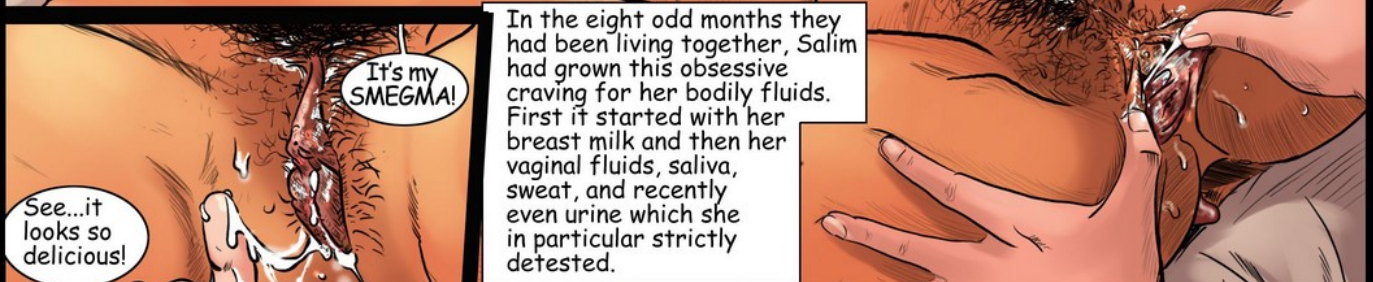
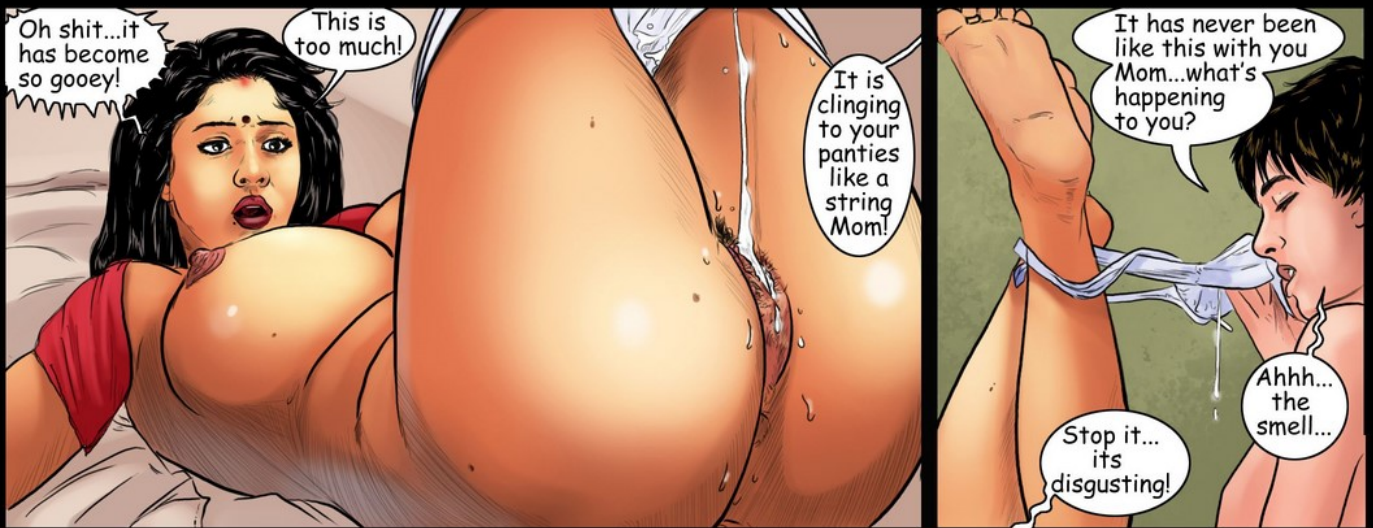
Salim took care of all household chores, from cleaning, washing, cooking, getting groceries... everything. Beside that he had to work extra hard to catch up in the school where Preetha had admitted him to. He was a very intelligent boy and quickly caught on with the studies. Preetha made sure he has no free time and made him work like a horse. Salim did not have any qualms regarding that. He was more than happy to serve his Goddess Mother. His light of Life.

Ahhh...all girls are soft my baby...

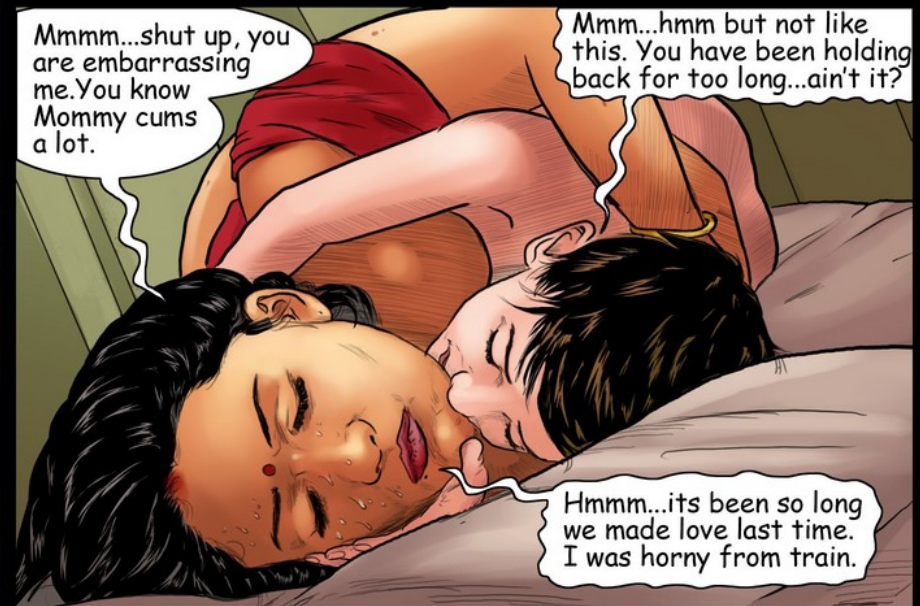
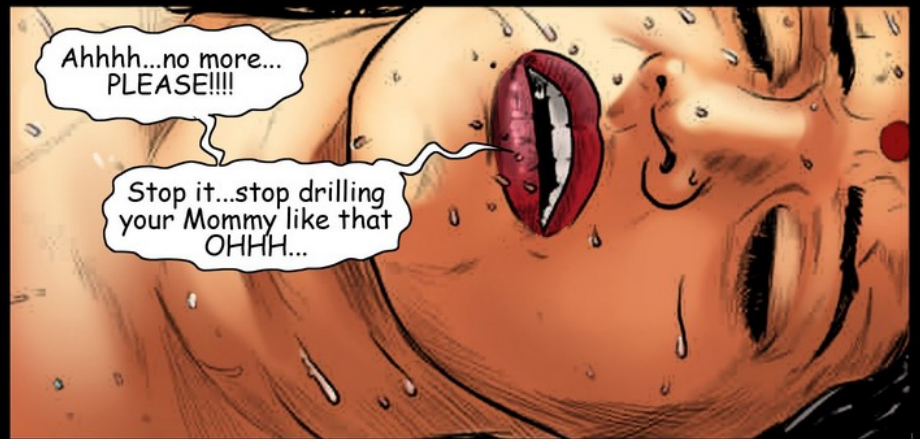


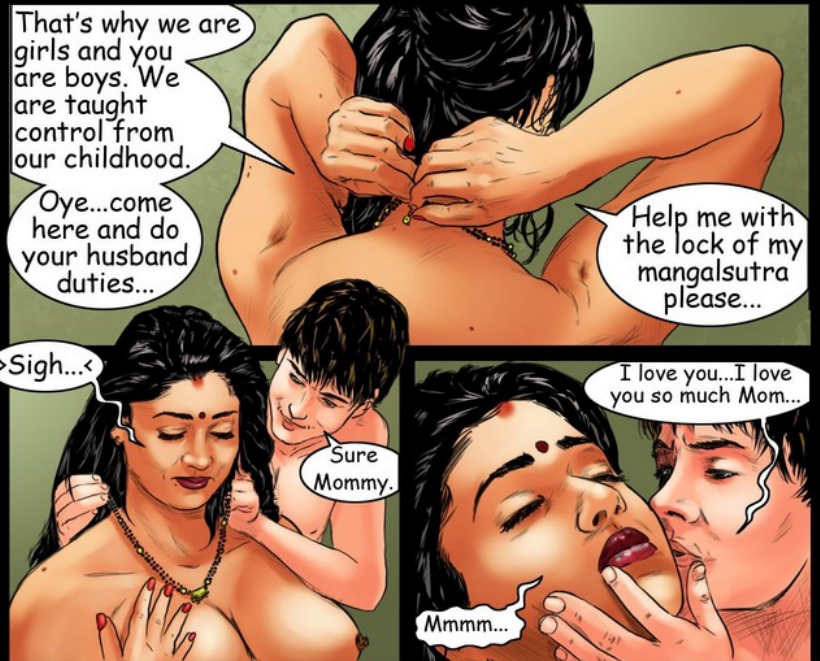


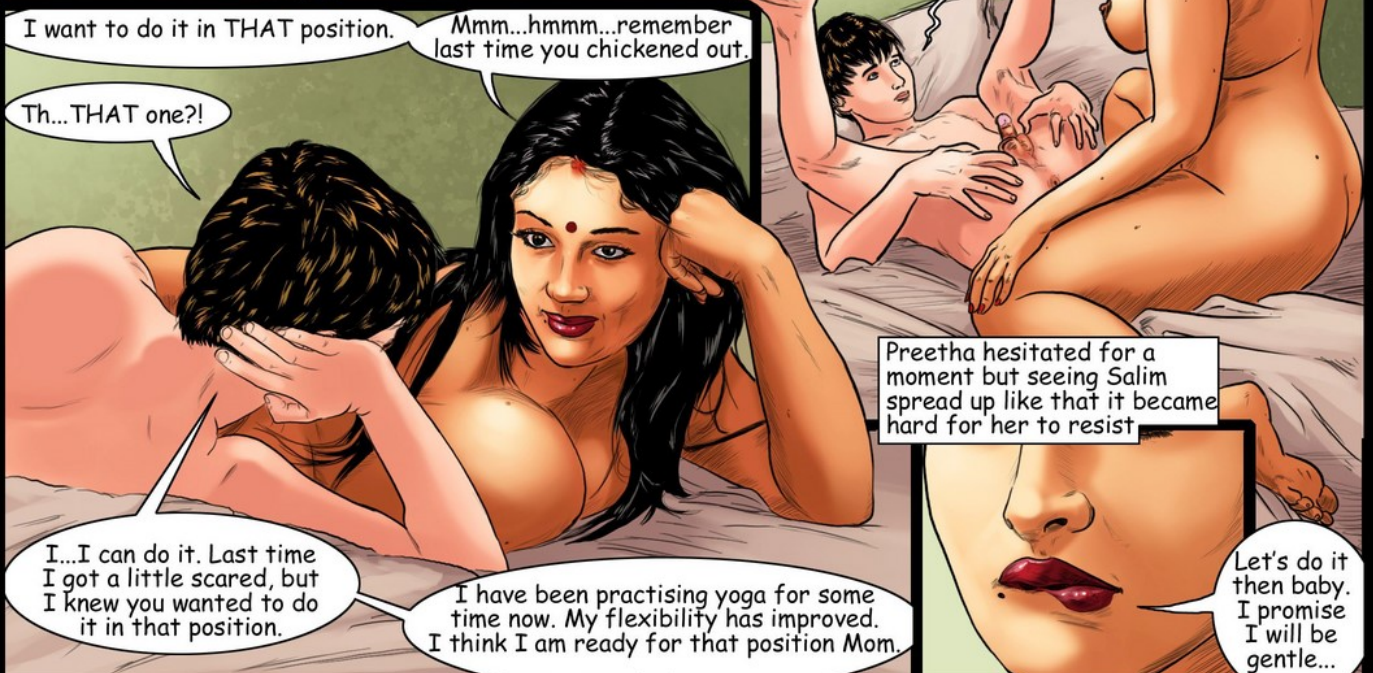


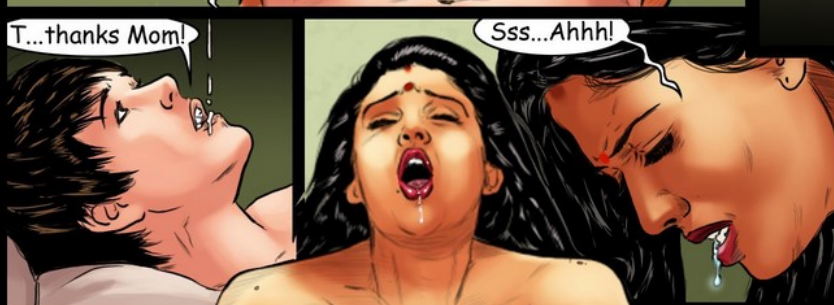


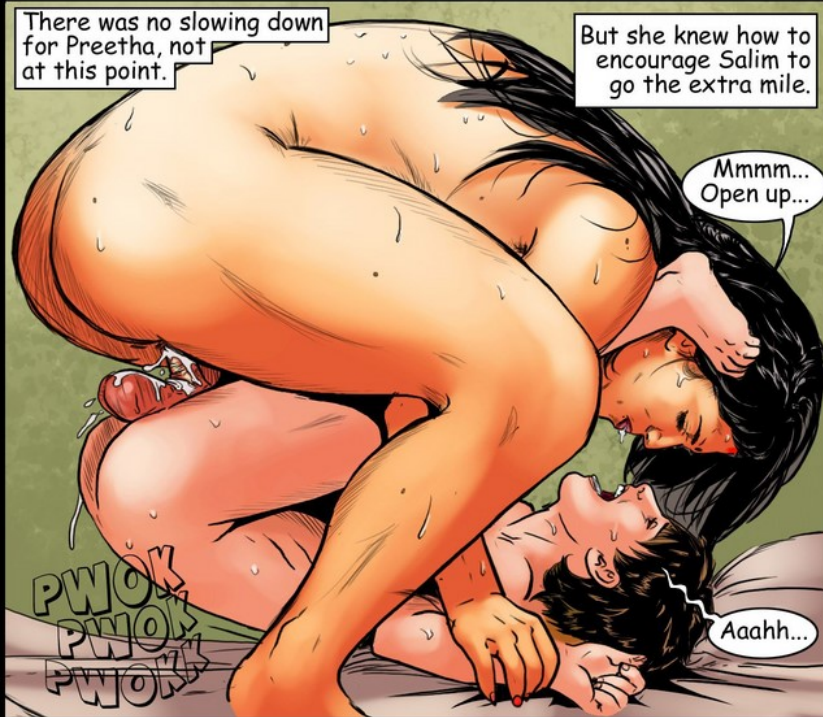












Like an untiring engine of sex Preetha started fucking Salim, her heavy buttocks jiggling with each rapid thrust, sweat glistening on her smooth olive skin.

Heavy gusts of her breath brushed Salim's face, now grimacing with the exertion of their back breaking love making.

Mommy...

MOM....

Loveson...

LOVESON!

Preetha's vagina was releasing her love discharges freely, it flowed down in a thick viscous stream. Salim could feel the warm liquid rolling down his balls and buttocks.

N...noooo...please....I...I can't stop
...I am almost there baby
please don't use the safe
word now!

Salim was at the
ebb of his
endurance.
his back was
strained to
the point
of breaking.

Just a little more sweetie...please
AHHHHH...Oh
God...look at
you...you are
getting fucked
like a Girl!

B...but Mom..
you are hurting
me...I can't
take it
anymore!

I am
sorry
baby...

I am a bad...bad Mommy...It's...It's like
I am raping you! but I can't stop myself!
Ufff...the pleasure is too much!

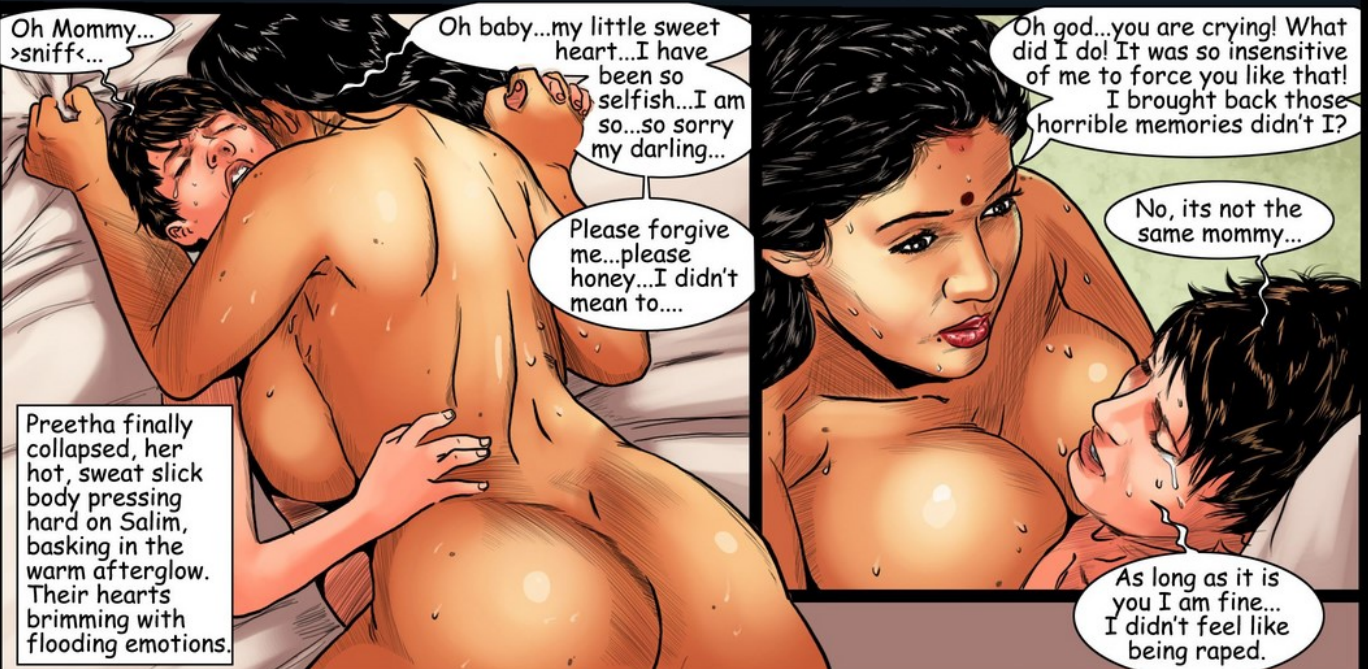
Shit...this is so disgusting!

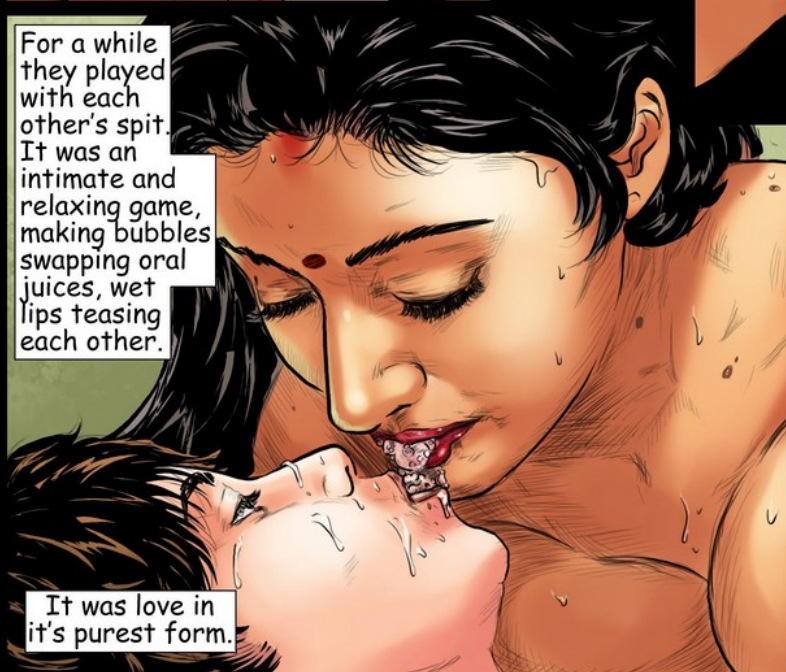
You were raped once before
and now I am raping you
again...please forgive
me baby...lets cum
together!

Don't say that...it
is so embarrassing!

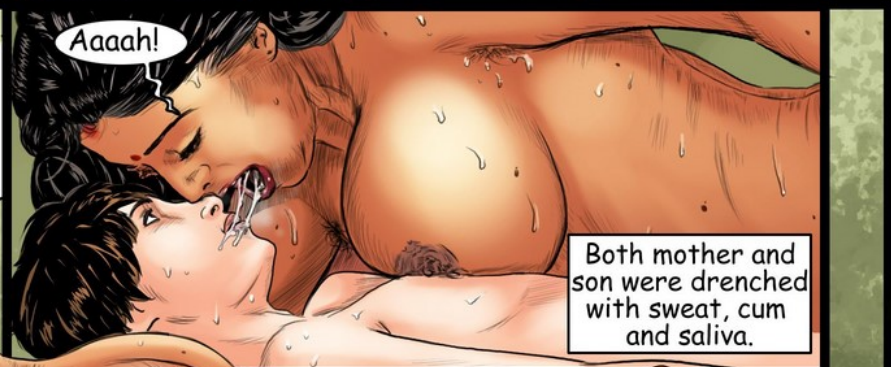
Ah...AHHH..
MOMMYYY...

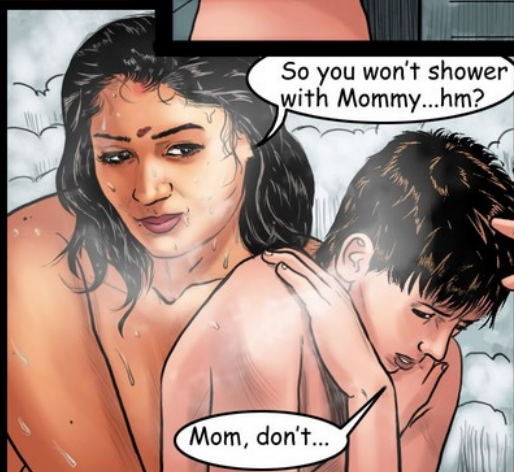
Mom...Oh Mom...I...
I am cum....





Can you believe this? it hasn't been more than a hour we entered this room and already we are soaked with each other's juices. The whole room is full of our sex smell. We are really enjoying our honeymoon aren't we baby?





Salim was shocked beyond belief. He knew his mother was strong...

Ahh!

But he had no idea...

...that she could pick up a boy weighing around 40 kilos with such ease like a toy!

You are so mean!

I am mean? wait I will show you real mean you dirty little boy.

AHHH!

PH-THOO

Mmmm...you were right... the water is warm...warm like your lovely spit Mommy...Ahhhh...I can have your spit for breakfast lunch and dinner Mommy...

You are really impossible. I can't believe how you are always hungry for my body juices, milk, cum, spit, sweat...

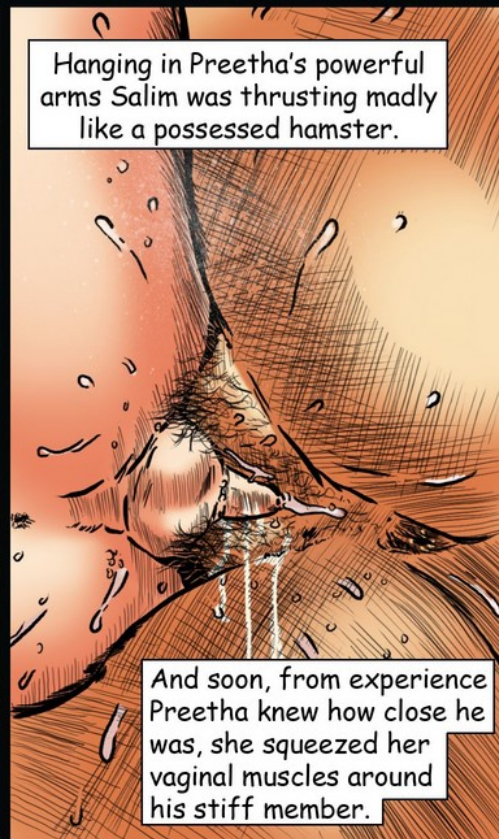
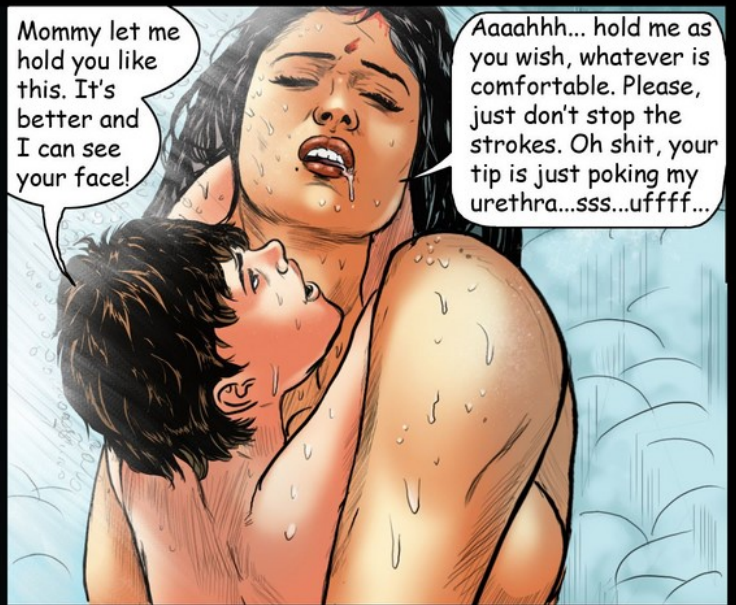
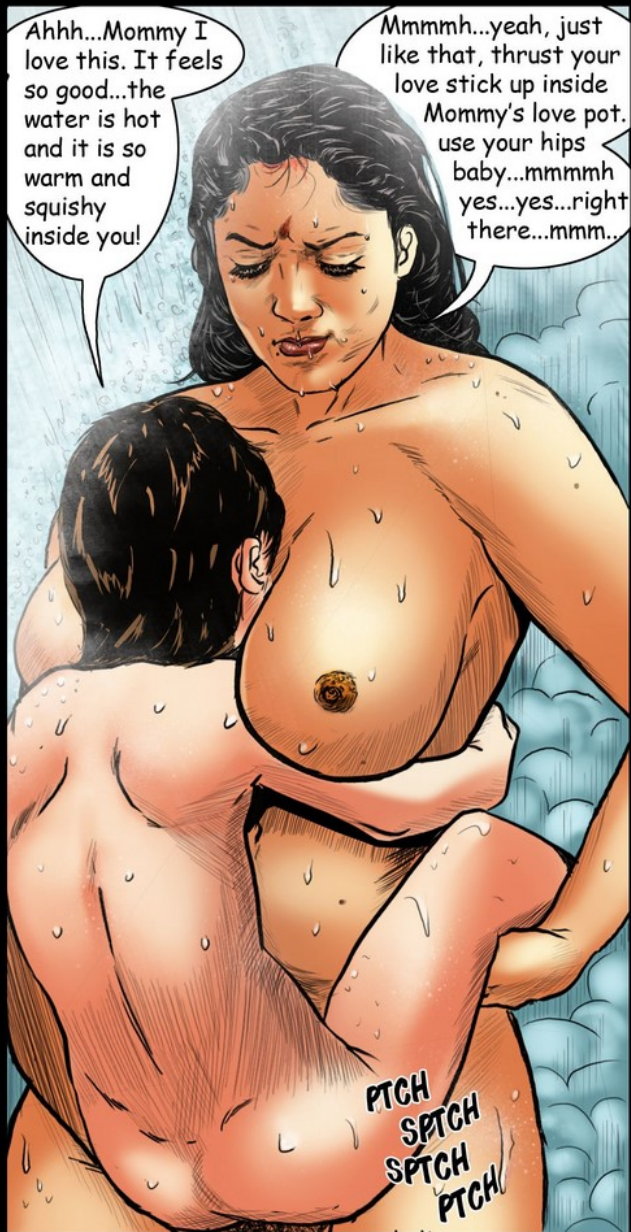
And what is this hot stiff thing rubbing on Mommy's belly?

Let Mommy put it inside her love pot.

Oooh...Mommy...Mommy...how do you always know what to do to make me feel good? Ufff... you are so warm and sticky inside...my pee pee feels...

Sssshhh...just enjoy it. Slowly move you hips, don't worry Mommy is holding you tight, she won't let you fall. You know how strong Mommy is don't you?

I know, my Mommy prettiest my Mommy strongest...



And then Salim's body shook uncontrollably as he clung tight to his mother, a spasm ran through his abdomen and thighs as he released his second orgasm of the day.

Nnngmmm...

Mmmm, there you go my baby...fill your Mommy's love pot with your milk!

Aaahhh...

Ssss...shit...look at the amount of cum! How can there be so much right after cumming once?!

Mmmm.. just hold me like this Mommy...kiss me... kiss me please...

Mmmm...bass, enough, let's go...

We are going out. Period.

>Groan<

Mmm...mwuah muah...mmm Mommy...

I don't wanna go out, I just wanna stay here in this room with you!

All you boys want just sex, sex and more sex in honeymoon. In a while it gets boring and then you want to go back without any travel or sightseeing.

I didn't even want any sex Mommy, I just wanted to cuddle with you. We get so little time in Kolkata.

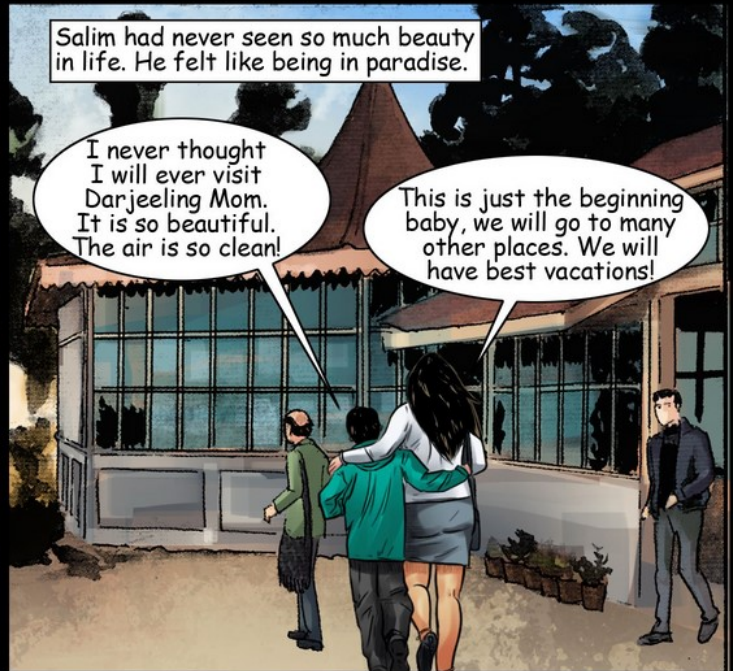
We will cuddle plenty at night. Now get dressed quickly. It is late afternoon and Darjeeling closes down early

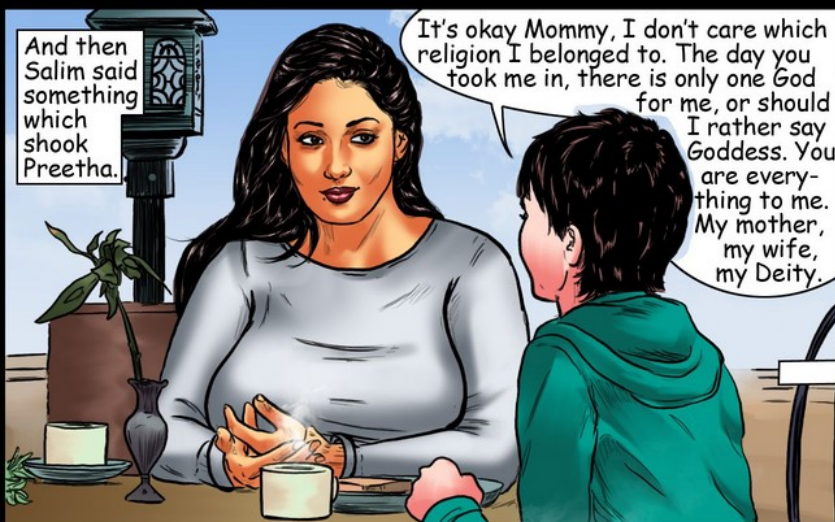
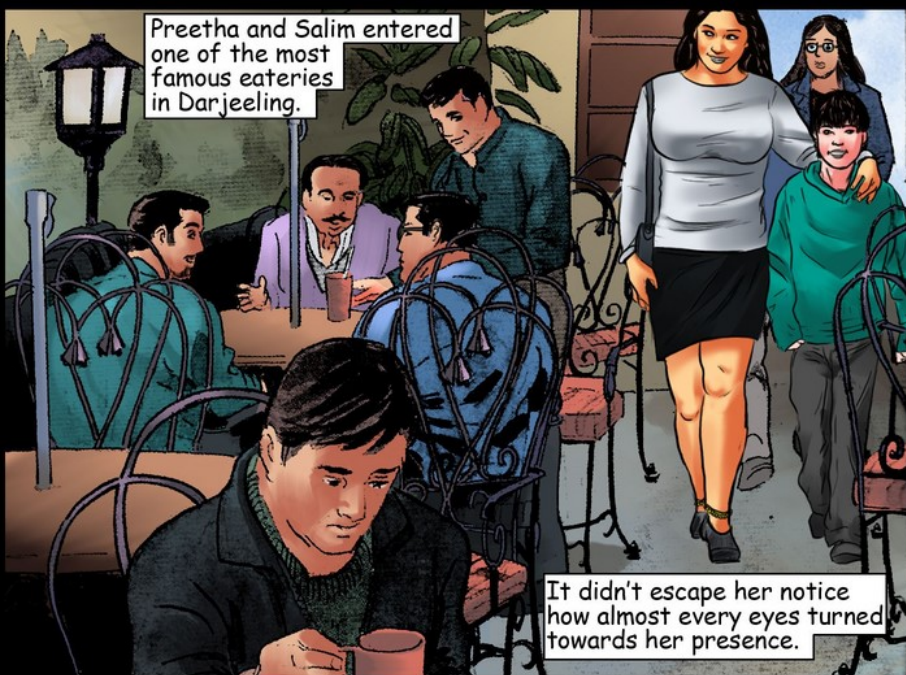
You do something, dont wear any underwear.

Why Mommy?

Just do as Mommy says Okay?

Uh...sure. God...you are so beautiful Mommy!





Later, with the waning light of the mountain sun, Mother and Son, Wife and Husband, lovers eternal walked the lonely roads beside the apple orchards. Salim started reciting.

Can we just run away
Together, just me and you?
Have fun, forever play?
You know, just the two of us?

Can we just walk
Together under the stars?
I'll kiss your hand and your lips?
And I will win your heart?

Can we just walk
For hours on end?
We'll talk about anything?
And we can lay upon your bed...

That was lovely
Salim, you made
it all by yourself?

Preetha started singing in that beautiful voice of her's.

Amaar Mukti aloy aloy...ei akaashe
Amaar Mukti aloy aloy...

Deho moner Shuduro paare hariye feli aponaare
Gaaneer suure, Amaar Mukti Uurdhe Bhaase
Amaar Mukti Aloy Aloy....

Amar Mukti sorbojoneer Moner maajhe
Dukkho bipad tuchho korar kothin kaaje

Bishwadaatar jogyoshala attohomer bahniwala
Jibon jeno, diy aahuti, Mukti aashe
Amaar mukti aloy aloy....

'Liberated am I
In light so radiant amidst this azure
Liberated am I
In the dust and grass beneath my feet

Liberated in melody
I lose myself in the far beyond

Liberated am I
Within the hearts of one and all
In tasks that mock peril and pain

Alight is the sacrificial fire
At the altar of creation
May I offer my life as oblation
In the hope of liberation...

Ha ha ha...what
happened?
What are
you doing
baby?

I don't know
Mommy,
you are
so
beautiful,
your voice
is like of
an angel's...
I love you.
Please love
me Mommy!

This helpless admission of love made Preetha want to do something naughty and risky. They stopped beside an old abandoned estate, and with a mysterious smile Preetha pulled Salim's hand.

Come, let's go
over there, I
have a plan.

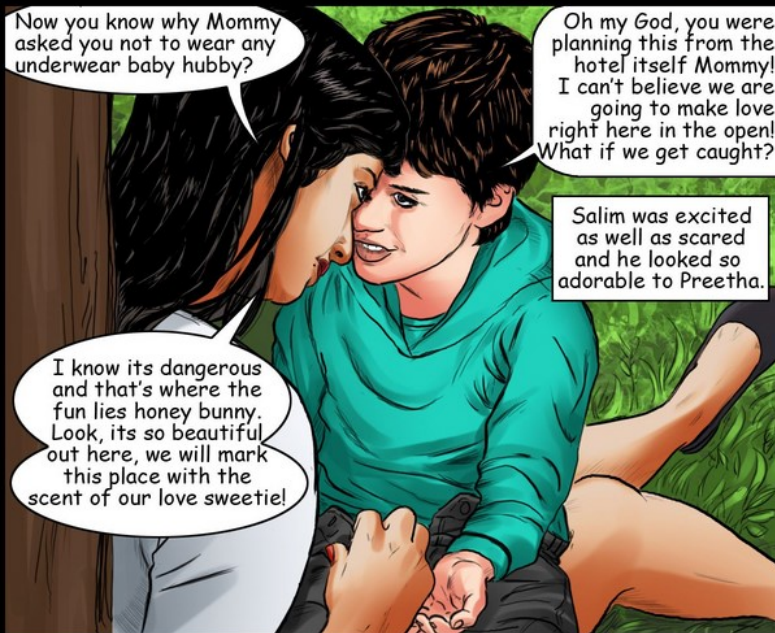
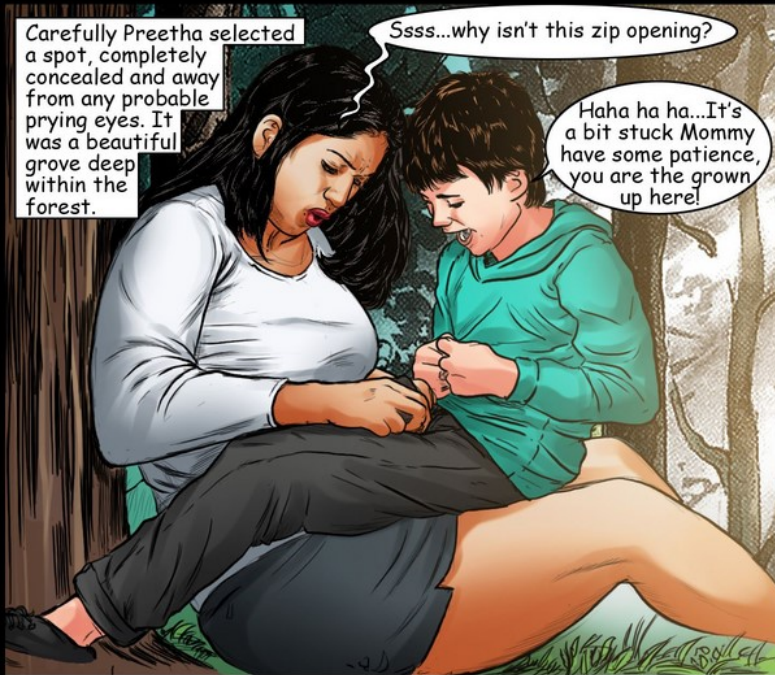
Hee...hee...but isn't
that a private
property Mommy?

Shhh...just be quiet
and trust Mommy
okay sweetie?

Stealthily they entered the orchard. Both of them were in a mood for something exciting and adventurous. It was so quite around that they felt they were the only two souls left in this world.

Hee hee...its so much fun
Mommy. Its almost like
stealing...ha ha ha...

Yes baby, we are stealing
some happiness, now...shhh...



In Buddhist sutra it says 'The forest is a peculiar organism of unlimited kindness and benevolence that makes no demands for its sustenance and extends generously the products of its life and activity; it affords protection to all beings.'

The ancient topiary don't judge, all it understands is love which is an integral part of nature. Love doesn't understand age, status or creed. It is a primordial response to the urge of unity, body and soul.

In the preternatural silence, Preetha and Salim found the freedom people are always looking from. Freedom from the shackles of society and patriarchy. The soft dark green paused by shafts of golden light of the waning sun promised love and only love. The occasional chirp of birds echoed the cries of love.



The silence of the forest regained as words ceased between Preetha and Salim. The divine silence was only paused by frantic moans of Salim and wet squelching sounds of Preetha's mouth working on her boy husband's penis.

Salim took time to grow an erection. Usually only his mother's touch is enough for him to become rock hard but out in the open he was feeling nervous.

Preetha insisted upon him not to look around and only concentrate on her face and lips which were thickly coated and dripping with her viscous saliva. Salim loved a messy blowjob and Preetha appeased him aplenty. The reek of her spittle on his flesh over-powered the smells of the forest.

Fat strings of her drool bobbed, hanging from her lip and chin. Thick streams of her oral juices rolled down her neck.

Sss...aah Mom...

AAAAHH...I Can't take it any more Mommy...

I am tight...I am hard...please don't do it anymore or I will cum in your mouth!

Mmmm...mmmp mmmh...mmh...



